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CHARLOTTE



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CHARLOTTE

BY

GRACE WARREN LANDRUM

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TO
CHARLOTTE'S FRIEND AND MINE
HELEN WAY DAVIDSON

CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE

I

CHARLOTTE'S home stands on Third Avenue. To the south run long lines of brick houses edged with the greenest of grass and shaded by maples, oaks, and poplars, in all their Kentucky symmetry. The avenue ends some miles away at a woodland park encircling a long line of a hill. Toward the north the street leads through the business section straight into the Ohio River, broad, slow-moving, except where near the Indiana shore it rushes over rocks. The river and the park were well-defined boundaries of Charlotte's first world. To the west Louisville stretches with even streets bent slightly here and there, far beyond Central Park with the fairest trees the heart of a city ever knew, beyond the Cabbage Patch

CHARLOTTE

and Mrs. Wiggs's neighborhood till the river again becomes the boundary as it curves around the Indiana hills. On the eastern side the city merges into the characteristically dimpled landscape of Mockingbird Valley, Anchorage, and Pewee Valley, the home of the Little Colonel. Charlotte knew so well her city and its surroundings, and so enjoyed the parks, the hilltop, the streets, and the river, that the locality is full of happy memories for one who loved her in it.

The house on Third Avenue has an iron fence with a gate that seems designed for someone, usually Charlotte, to linger over in a good-bye. The porch is large enough for a good-sized family even on the hottest and most expansive days. As you open the front door you feel the atmosphere of the family, hospitable to the group of friends each member may have, from the Professor's colleagues at the Theological Seminary to the inquisitive little neighbor who has come to explore the back yard before the children of the house are awake. You are

CHARLOTTE

hardly over the threshold before several of the family come to greet you. If you go with them into the library, as usual, you may find a boy's cap on the sofa, a bit of embroidery dropped on the piano, Cary's violin music outspread on the rack, and a copy of a Greek New Testament grammar on a table of books and magazines. But your chief impression would be of a portrait of Charlotte's scholarly grandfather, Dr. John A. Broadus, whose "Commentary on Matthew" you would find somewhere on the book-lined walls.

In this house Charlotte was born on the last day of September, 1900. Her name was that of her mother's mother, Charlotte Sinclair, who lived to be the little girl's intimate companion for thirteen years. The annals of Charlotte's babyhood are a little briefer than those of the two children who came before her, or of the brother who in a year and a half claimed her place as the center of attraction. But her mother's record at one point is full. "When she was first laid in my arms, her baby face

bore, as sometimes happens, a prophetic look. I was startled at the look of power and purpose and said to myself, 'This child is going to be something quite beyond the ordinary.' A tiny thrill of fear went through me. Then I saw how very close she cuddled to me, how sweet and lovely were the lines of her mouth, and I said, 'She will never do anything I don't want her to do; her affections will take care of her impulses.'"

Later I read: "My baby is three months old today and is as plump and rosy as can be, blithe and bonny, good and gay—you know she is a Sunday child. . . . She is so little trouble that I am likely to be a dreadfully spoiled mother." On her first birthday there is a record of her most delightful smile, "inherited from her grandmother Robertson," who got it from her father, Joseph Martin, son of the General Martin of the Revolution and the Indian wars. "I put the baby under the great-grandfather's picture last July," the diary continues, "and she was curiously like him.

His face showed markedly the three characteristics I thought I saw in Baby Charlotte's when I first looked at her, dignity, self-command, cheerfulness, and a quiet strength which I am sure she will grow into." Before she is two she is described as the "most affectionate child I have ever seen; she can hug the tightest and kiss the most fervently of all my babies, and she is the only one that gives a squeeze for a reproof, which of course stops it short. I end rather mildly, 'But you are going to be a good girl now!' 'Eh-heh!' she replies radiantly with another hug and kiss. From the very first she seemed to nestle in my arms with peculiar satisfaction and when big enough to resist petting she didn't do it, but yielded blissfully with the sweetest little pats in the world. . . . She is very mischievous and loves to tease and is altogether at a most piquant and charming age. She has been walking ever since January 13; rather, she trots and runs. But talk she will not, though I know she could if she would. . . . She talks so expressively

with eyes and hands and urgent grunts and pulls that she disdains to speak." Before long, however, I read: "Charlotte is getting to be a great talker, showing tact and originality. . . . She delights to be called my lady bird and can be brought to terms almost always by the withdrawal of the title. 'Yes, me *ish* yoooh lady bird,' she cries, and refrains her feet from kicking off the covers."

This babyhood is full of only the normal child's experiences, but to those who knew Charlotte the sketch is characteristic enough to be the basis of a complete portrait. I smile at another bit of two-year-old Charlotte's biography, so singularly like her later self was the action described: "On being dressed to go out she brought a pin and asked to have it stuck in her dress. I supposed she was imitating the way we do in sewing, but that was not it. When we got to the park she picked a red clover blossom and immediately wanted it put on. I believe she had that pin put on for the very purpose, for a dozen times or more

CHARLOTTE

when she had asked to have a flower pinned on there had been difficulty about finding a pin."

The child's world was especially rich and happy. It abounded in companionship of father and mother, as well as of the children, of friends whose comings and goings made almost every month memorable in the Robertson home, of ministers, missionaries, scholars, lecturers from abroad, notably Dr. and Mrs. James Stalker of Aberdeen, whose visit was returned the next year, and whose name became dear household words through interchange of books and letters. Dr. F. B. Meyer also was especially kind to the children, and Dr. Angus, a later visitor, who stayed a month helping on "the big Grammar," and became a special crony and correspondent of Charlotte. Such friends were as much a part of Charlotte's life as red clover blossoms. I wish I might know what she gleaned of some of the grown-up conversation of the time, which related frequently to Professor Robertson's plans for study abroad. She was an eager little

CHARLOTTE

listener to the talk of those whom she admired, entered into it in an unusual way, and had a proprietary interest in professors which brought her later some charming associations.

When arrangements had been made for the half-year in England, Charlotte and the other children, ungracious little guests on the Professor's sabbatical journey, were so inconsiderate as to have scarlet fever and delay the departure for eight weeks. The lost time shut the party off from some sight-seeing they had counted on, but there was still so much to enjoy that Charlotte might be accounted a happy five-year-old traveler.

On the first day of the voyage, March twenty-third, there were "smiling seas." Eight days later the *Cedric* landed at Liverpool and in a short time the family were at the Isis in Oxford. Hattie, the colored nurse, was along to allow both the children and their parents more freedom. An English or Scotch nurse had been thought of, but Dr. Marvin, the family counselor, had

given assurance that Hattie would stand the temporary transplanting. She proved most adaptable in all her new surroundings, and kept her nurslings contented while Dr. and Mrs. Robertson enjoyed such experiences as a visit to Dr. James A. H. Murray (later Sir James), to see the great New English Dictionary.

Necessarily my little Charlotte was shut out of discussions between Professor Robertson and Oxford scholars in regard to the aorist in Hellenistic narrative, and yet one regrets even this loss to a small philologist and grammarian. But there were other pleasures—the gardens of Balliol and Trinity, the deer and the swans of Magdalen, daisies picked on Easter Eve, the rope ferry at Mesopotamia, the Botanic Gardens, the Isis, the larks, the nightingales, Trinity Barge at “The Eights,” which especially delighted Charlotte, a lime tree in Wadham Gardens, the Ashmolean with its relics of the Britons. The children made friends in a number of their haunts and astonished and delighted

CHARLOTTE

the group at their boarding place by their American propriety. Sometimes the Robertsons' apartments brought the homeland closer to other happy exiles, as when Hattie made beaten biscuits for Rhodes scholars invited to tea. Occasionally the whole family left Oxford for a day's jaunt, and in this way saw Stratford, where they literally walked "across the fields to Anne" and saw Shottery. Warwickshire air made Charlotte "frisky," to quote her mother's word, as if she had been a five-year-old Rosalind, but she responded properly to the solemn splendor of Warwick Castle armory and delighted in the sunshine and green mounds of Kenilworth. Of course Charlotte recalled imperfectly many of these English days. But I fancy that they left their impress in a readier response to all to be enjoyed in her own environment, and an increased vividness of feeling. In any mention of her months abroad she skowed, however, a winning restraint. No child was freer from assuming that she was exceptionally privileged, nor did she claim one



Facing page 20

moment's recollection not genuinely her own.

Yet not only at Oxford but in London there were several incidents in which a child might later have felt a justifiable pride. She saw King Edward and Queen Alexandra, doubtless with an added gleam in her luminous gray-blue eyes. She must have looked upon Westminster and Saint Paul's with at least some awe, I fancy, for three-year-old Cary, brought under the great dome of the latter, remarked, "I should like to hear music in this place." Like English children they lived day after day in Kensington Gardens, a short block from their lodgings, which made Barrie's books an intimate joy afterwards. The Zoo in Regent's Park, and the Wax Works were of course enjoyed, John, who was nine, naming every sovereign from the date in the floor at his feet. But there were no memories of tedious sight-seeing. The children did not undertake the House of Commons, which Dr. and Mrs. Robertson visited after a preliminary interview with the

CHARLOTTE

Honorable Lloyd George. Though the British Museum was a familiar name, the children went there only once and the visit was associated with such a childish joy as the purchase of dolls en route.

When Professor Robertson had completed his study under the great dome of the Museum, the family left England for a few days in Wales, where the children had the pleasure of a first walk by the sea. Crossing back through England they traveled through Stockport and Leeds to York. The clock in York Minster Charlotte always remembered. When she crossed the Tweed into Scotland she rightly had pleasure in Edinburgh Castle, and even more enjoyment as she went northward, being herself a wee Highland lassie. At Stirling a bit of family history came to life; namely, that the Black Watch is the Robertson regiment and their tartan the Hunting Robertson. Cary's special distinction was to come home with a Robertson tartan and green coat, which as worn by him, and later by small

CHARLOTTE

Archie, the youngest member of the clan, proved to the family and their friends one of the pleasantest tangible memories of these Scottish days. Charlotte bearing the Sinclair name was doubly Scotch, and therefore singled out for a visit to Roslyn Chapel, around which centered Sinclair traditions. However, the days in Scotland were even eclipsed by the last memories of England. Eleanor was obliging enough to have a birthday in September at Ambleside. She had the good taste to ask to have her cake on Wordsworth's Rock, a wish that was easily granted. In the summer-house back of Rydal Mount Mrs. Robertson read some of the poet's works to the quartette of Wordsworthians, thoughtful John, golden-haired Eleanor, about the age of the little cottage girl (and with an equal faith in immortality, as she later proved!), three-year-old Cary, who, like Dora, would have enjoyed in the garden the kitten and the falling leaves, and Charlotte, who was old enough to remember the scene. But she

CHARLOTTE

never guessed that in more than one heart
she was to live always as

*“A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.”*

II

FAMILIARITY with Wordsworth's "Poems Founded on the Affections" reveals new beauty in family relationships. A visit to the Robertson home brings the same result. Every family anniversary has its significance as truly as a birthday at Oxford or Rydal Mount. The back yard, which the small travelers might have called the garden, had they not been too thoroughly American, used to be the scene of extraordinary as well as every-day festivity. Besides picnics of every sort, book parties, and flower-guessing contests, it was famous for gatherings which paper doll guests, in every stage of translucence or stiffness, attended in hundreds. The plum tree with the rope swing was convenient on every occasion. Normally it was a pirate's ship, decorated with skull and cross-bones. The

joggling board, so in demand that when once in the midst of a party it broke it was instantly replaced to continue the hilarity, served admirably as a gang-plank for criminal pirates to walk. For moments of temperate enjoyment there were the individual flower beds, always begun enthusiastically. Tedium at any time might be relieved by races around the yard. Hattie, a staunch Kentuckian, whose sporting inclinations were unaltered even by years in a ministerial atmosphere, used to bet on the Blue, meaning a certain dress of Charlotte's, to the chagrin of the less fleet Eleanor. After imitations of Derby Day, the children found in a play-house in the adjoining yard, put at their disposal by the owner, a shelter for any pent-up domestic inclinations. They called it Rose Cottage, and were excellent caretakers, making fresh curtains, and never forgetting that the windows and the doors had locks which must be tried several times to satisfy the feminine yearning for security.

In seasonable weather there were picnics

in Cherokee Park, where the grass is softest, in Shawnee, lovely for sunsets, or in Iroquois, with the hilltop from which jagged little peaks like mountains appear against the southern sky. In any weather reading aloud was a recognized pleasure. With their grandmother, an exquisite Virginia gentlewoman, the children read Jean Ingelow's "Stories Told to a Child." Miss Broadus, whom they, like their mother, called Sister, and found a source of strength and joy in every circumstance of their lives, used to read Mrs. Ewing to them when they were ill. After the trip to England Mrs. Molesworth was a great favorite. Mrs. Wiggin was one of the few authors that all five children could enjoy at once—afterwards came Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Robertson excelled in telling Uncle Remus stories. Mrs. Robertson's stock was inexhaustible. Besides, she had a book for every emergency. As an aid to convalescence from scarlet fever she read "Pilgrim's Progress," which the children illustrated, by roping off a Vanity Fair and

playing Giant Despair with a doll of decidedly waning attractions. For the "What can I do moments?", which come both in health and sickness, there were suitable preparations for an approaching holiday, for instance, valentines for teachers, the most admired personages in the children's world, and for mature lady loves of the little boys. After family valentines had circulated at breakfast the Robertson quintette made deliveries to the "faculty children," who belonged to Dr. Robertson's associates at the Seminary. One year, before the day was over, a big hat box papered with valentines and heaped within, made beds of the Children's Hospital gay with crimson hearts, and doves, and lacy frills. On Easter Sunday morning a pot of pansies bloomed at every plate in the Robertson dining-room. The Fourth of July provoked the perennially interesting discussion as to the extent and nature of the fireworks to be purchased. One of the family recalls that the originally conservative stock was gradually supplemented by each

CHARLOTTE

child in turn until the illumination was finally gorgeous enough to satisfy the most aspiring. Every other year the small celebrants read the Declaration of Independence, that patriotism might be stimulated, but never wearied.

Thanksgiving, though a happy festival, the children regarded as the prelude to Christmas because they received at this time money for gift buying and made out impossible Christmas lists. Great fun came in later revision and deeds of desperate valor to earn enough to include the kindred and friends. Christmas preparations were over just in time for the children to distribute baskets of provisions to families already known in rounds of Sunday-school visits. Another Christmas Eve memory dear to the household is that of the carol singing by some of Professor Robertson's students, young women from the Baptist Training School, who always slipped under the windows so noiselessly that their voices in the wintry air sounded bodiless and angelic.

CHARLOTTE

Christmas morning brought not only the moment for stockings to be opened in the nursery, but the more important hour in the library after the children had rushed into the kitchen to hurry old William and the indispensable Hattie into the family group. They themselves then sped to the third floor. The sweet grandmother in a special Christmas seat listened to hear Charlotte's voice leading first in "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," and then next "old little town of Bethlehem." If the little waits properly spaced their processional they began "Holy Night" at the top of the long flight of stairs leading into the front hall. They forgot decorum in the first sight of the tree, but resumed it again because the grandmother alone must have the privilege of opening boxes from Virginia or Alabama cousins. Several Christmases are memorable from the visits of Uncle Ceph, a Virginia great-uncle, who seemed somehow akin to Santa Claus. No Christmas Day was complete without a visit to Mother Cary, an extra

CHARLOTTE

grandmother adopted long ago, and very dear, whose spacious house on Broadway had once been Professor Robertson's home in the early days of his ministry.

The record of Charlotte's home life would be unfinished without mention of the prayers in the library, which hallowed each day as graciously as the sunset. "Come home soon, Father. We miss you in prayers," Charlotte had written when a very little girl. Sometimes the family read the Sunday-school topic for the week, selections on some biblical theme, or passages from Mrs. Robertson's beautiful volume, "The Heart of the Bible." Among the hymns sung at this time Charlotte came later to love "In the hour of trial" and "From every stormy wind that blows." If Dr. Robertson was absent Mrs. Robertson herself made a prayer. The first time the children were asked to add sentence prayers after her, when "Daddy" was away, the oldest said, "God bless the Seminary"; the next, "God bless all the mis-

*Prayer
Children*

CHARLOTTE

sionaries in foreign lands." Little Charlotte prayed, "God bless everybody who is trying to do better and better." But this was not her first expression of interest in God's protecting care. When she was scarcely more than a baby her mother had heard her singing to a little tune of her own, "Jesus is the king, and he doesn't live way up in Heaven." Upon being asked where he did live she sang, "Down in the world, and takes care of the little children, him and the muvvers." A year or so later her prayers in the nursery suddenly became very "full and fluent." The chronicle tells that she prayed for the many people that she loved; that sometimes she made startling combinations, as, "May all my brothers and my sister grow up to be fine men and women, and marry and live happy ever after." A letter of the time tells this story: "One Sunday it was evident that the matter of bad language had been stressed in Sunday-school, for that night Charlotte prayed, 'Bless all my brothers and my sister and may they grow up to be

CHARLOTTE

fine men and women and never use any bad language. Bless dear Father; may he always be happy and never use any bad language. Bless Mother; may she be well and happy and never use any bad language.' (By this time the older children already in bed were struggling with mirth, and as the prayer progressed they collapsed under the bed clothes.) 'Bless Grandma, and may she live very, very long and happy and never use any bad language. Bless Grandpa, and may he always be happy and never use any bad language.' A pause, and then very humbly, 'Bless me and make me a good child and let me never use any bad language.' "

Her participation in public worship began at the age of two when she went with her father and mother to a service at New Salem Church, Dr. Robertson being the preacher for the day. Her mother's account is: "She escaped from the pew during the sermon, walked confidently toward her father, turned in front of the pulpit and smiled in friendly fashion at

CHARLOTTE

the congregation (while I tried not to fidget), and finally made her way round the pews and back to me. A model preacher's baby!" Church attendance never became irksome to the child, gay-moving sprite that she was. A winsome picture she and the other four children made in the long pew at Broadway Baptist Church. Their mother took care by means of a lunch that there was never a hungry interim between Sunday-school and the preaching service. Charlotte often had enthusiasm enough left for a children's meeting in the afternoon, though attendance upon this was not in any way obligatory.

Of such a service her mother writes: "It must have been in the winter of 1907-8 that Charlotte came back from the Sunbeam meeting, saying, 'Mother, I've got something to tell you, and I'm so happy. Mrs. ——— explained to us about how Jesus saves us, and how we just have to believe in him and love him, and I do love him, and it makes me so happy to under-

CHARLOTTE

stand about it.' A student's wife was leader that year and in a little evangelistic meeting she had used some simple object-lesson which made the gospel message clear as sunlight to this child. I wish I knew the lady's name. Charlotte had been praying earnestly for the missionaries and for the heathen; so her thoughts having gone round the world came back easily to the consciousness of her own need of her Saviour and her joyous surrender to him. Nothing was said about joining the church. Once or twice in the next year or so she spoke about it, but waited cheerfully when I asked her to do so. The Sunday before Christmas, 1909, she told me as we sat in the pew in church that she would like to be received that day, saying what she repeated to Dr. Landrum when she went forward, that she wanted to give herself to Jesus for a Christmas gift. She was baptized in January—such a little girl, all by herself—and Dr. Landrum as it happened repeated as he led her into the water the same text that had been used when her

CHARLOTTE

mother had been baptized, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Already the manner of her coming to Jesus had been forgotten, but there was never any doubt as to the fact of it. Those who watched her grow in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus often thought of the text, 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' "

And strength was needed in a few years not only by Charlotte but far more by the older members of the family upon whom fell a shadow indescribably dark. One day in the fall of 1912, John, the oldest child, was hit on the head by a street car as he came home from the high school. Unconscious for three days, and with fever for a week, he still gave promise of full recovery. But to his nervous constitution, weakened by the scarlet fever in 1905, the shock was too great. He went away for treatment and then was brought back to a small sanitarium near Louisville. But his mind passed through painful stages of acute excitement and then settled at last into a

dreamy contentment like that of convalescence. Constant efforts were made to give the children many pleasures and interests to keep the home atmosphere as bright as possible. But the older children continued to miss him. He had been a most engaging child, remarkably precocious. When four years old he learned the Twenty-third Psalm, one verse a week, reciting it in musical tones to his grandmother. As usual he was full of questions: "What is the valley of the shadow of death? Does God go with us through the dark valley? After the dark valley will he make it light again? He wouldn't let it be *too* dark—he *made* the light!" When his school life began he was absorbed and happy in his studies. "This boy has a lovely mind," wrote his teacher on his first report. With a boundless zest for knowledge he had continued to do well in spite of precarious health, and his candor, refinement, and earnestness of nature made him very dear to those who knew him, and had given them high hopes for him.

CHARLOTTE

Only a month before John's misfortune there had been the heartiest rejoicing because Charlotte had recovered from an illness so serious it was hard to think of her except as born anew and entitled to another wealth of grateful love. The nine weeks she spent at Norton Infirmary, only a block from her home, were none the less particularly painful because her father was absent, kept by a sense of duty on a lecture tour at Northfield, Massachusetts, and at Winona Lake, Indiana. Telegrams and special delivery letters bridged the long distance between him and Charlotte and made possible the completion of his work, since the news became more and more reassuring. Charlotte's mother had at least the comfort of his ceaseless thought of the adored little daughter, the unfailing sympathy of Mrs. Broadus and "Sister," and the faithful devotion of Hattie, who came again to care for the younger children. Charlotte herself made easier the days of acute anxiety because she was cheerful and self-forgetful, no matter how distressingly

CHARLOTTE

high the fever ran. "She talks a great deal about you and the children," Mrs. Robertson wrote to her husband, "and fancies you are calling for her, is anxious for Helen to have everything she needs." Sometimes her mind turned to school, or to Miss Mildred Hill, the music teacher whom she loved, and whose work, "Song Stories for the Kindergarten," has endeared her and her sister to hundreds of children.

When delirium had long been over, the fever gone, and all was well again, Charlotte came home with a shining bald head, soon to be covered with the rarest of curls, with pale cheeks, and hands more slender than ever. She began at once "The Diary of Charlotte Sinclair Robertson, Concerning my Sickness," a loving record of all the nurses and physicians, especially Miss Hatfield and Dr. Cecil, who watched her in the darkest period, of all the friends who had called, brought flowers, gifts, or cheering messages. She so transfused with gratitude all memories of weariness and discom-

CHARLOTTE

fort that in her childish way she anticipated a thought of a delightful recent essayist, that next to being loved the greatest privilege of life is being ill.



Facing page 40

III

FROM a window of a house next but one to Charlotte's a pair of blue eyes had looked with patient eagerness for her return. This house Charlotte knew and loved next best to her own home. She and Helen, the only daughter of the Davidson family, used to date their friendship from the moment when Helen's mother sent congratulations from her month-old baby to the new arrival at the Robertsons'. The pair found their way to each other so readily that in the summer, when the intervening neighbor was away and the grass was tall in the front yard, four small feet trod a path all their own from door to door. The names of the small comrades were coupled by their friends and relatives far away. They shared their earliest and latest school experiences, family festivals, old and new friends. Charlotte's long typhoid ill-

CHARLOTTE

ness and the convalescence out of school heightened former pleasures which the little students might have forgotten amid the intricacies of predicate nominative, percentage, or French conjugations. Dolls flourished in their old-time pre-eminence. Most of Charlotte's were so long-lived as to be wholly or partially contemporaneous, and had such happy destinies as to deserve special mention.

Alexandra, of royal name, who had served many humble years in the capacity of baby doll, found herself at last, in excellent preservation, looking ceiling-ward from the depths of a real cradle in the Beginners' Room at the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, to which the Robertson family had transferred their membership. Alexandra is still rocked symbolically when a new Cradle Roll baby's name is presented for membership in the school. Sometimes a little visitor to the room forgets her strangeness as she clasps Alexandra during the lesson story, or sees in her a satisfactory likeness to the Baby Moses in the bul-

CHARLOTTE

rush cradle. One of Alexandra's unforgotten companions in the nursery was Victoria, another London doll, who had gone on coaching trips through England and was on deck that day that Charlotte sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" for her fellow passengers as the ship plowed on toward America. Edith was a lady doll, "with beautiful light hair done high on her head," as I read, "with a well fitting shirt waist with link cuff buttons and a white piqué skirt like the nurses' uniform at the Hospital."

The story of the combination doll, Mrs. Isla May Mullins has already told in brief story form, which I repeat here in substance. The Christmas before the Robertsons went to England, there were no new dolls, as big lovely ones were to be bought in London. But the interval was trying, for one day it came to pass that there was not a single whole doll to play with for either Eleanor or Charlotte! The mother cheerfully suggested that Bessie, Charlotte's doll, who had broken her legs, should

CHARLOTTE

give her excellent head to Eleanor's Annette, who had just lost hers in a sad smash. Somewhat startled, the two small mothers agreed and went off to play with "Bessie-Anne." But in half an hour they were back, excited and tearful. "Which ones does she really belong to? Annette is my child, but her head belongs to Charlotte." So it was plain that two mothers cannot have one child any more than in Solomon's time. Bessie-Anne was put in the wardrobe till they should feel more happy about it; but they never cared for her much, and years afterwards the head and body, separated, were found in a box upstairs.

But the doll who will doubtless outlive all the others came to Charlotte in a particularly pleasant way. "Charlotte loved to go visiting with her grandmother," Mrs. Robertson writes. "They called one day on an old friend, an invalid who could not go to the autumn Doll Show, a real Louisville institution, nor sew for it, but always took great pleasure in buying dolls there to give

CHARLOTTE

away to children. The lady loved children, and the visit was a great success. As they came away the lady said, 'Charlotte, I am going to send you a doll from the Doll Show.' In a few days it came and it was the loveliest doll displayed there, an exquisite young lady in white net with rows and rows of tiny lace ruffles. Her under clothes were beautifully made with small scallops and lace-edged ruffles. Her stockings were white silk and her slippers satin. Her costume was copied from one a charming young lady had worn at a garden party. . . . Charlotte named her Helen Hodges, for the prettiest young lady she knew, and went to work to make her some everyday clothes, a dimity and a dotted lawn, a blue kimono, and a black velvet hat for winter. She borrowed a cloak from another doll, who no longer went out very much."

About the time that the new doll had become well established in the nursery, Miss Anna Hartwell came from China and spoke at a missionary meeting. Charlotte,

CHARLOTTE

another little girl, and Cary dressed up in Chinese clothes and after much practice were ready to sing

Yessu Kiu Chu ai woa

Yessu Kiu Chu ai woa

Yessu Kiu Chu ai woa

Iu Shing Shu, kao su woa,

which the audience recognized as the equivalent of the familiar "Jesus loves me; this I know," and so forth. Once in a while Charlotte would speak of going to China. It was agreed, however, that she and her mother should keep this as one of their precious secrets. But China was very often in the child's thoughts.

Seven years later, in 1918, Miss Hartwell came home on another furlough. When she went away, "a small missionary went with her," as Mrs. Robertson writes. "It was the Doll Show doll with all her beautiful clothes. She has gone to live in the missionaries' house, where she is called Charlotte, and the children who come to see Miss Hartwell can play with her. Her

CHARLOTTE

clothes all had to be laundered and a new dress made. She needed a new elastic, which is a very serious operation, but Charlotte's mother was used to it. It's like getting a whole nervous system. And since one leg was gone she had to have two new ones. It took a whole day to get her ready for the trip, dear Sister helping too. Her pretty hair is still plaited and tied as Charlotte had carefully done it, and she does look so lovely! Away she has gone to China to help Miss Hartwell while she tells the children

"Yessu Kiu Chu ai woa."

While Charlotte was out of school, enjoying an Indian summer of little girl pleasures, her mind went back over all the books she had read up to this time. She listed them in the back of her hospital diary, beginning with "Reading Without Tears," which her mother used with her and all the other children of the family. Then with no evident aim at an order of time she put down Miss Alcott's books and

those of Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston. Her pride in Louisville authors flamed as a signal of her sincere and yet judicious local patriotism. She was an especial favorite of Mrs. Mullins, whom she had known from babyhood in the group of "faculty wives," and of the poet, Margaret Steele Anderson. The diary includes besides the works of Kentucky authors such a list of outdoor and indoor books, of girl life, of history, of folklore, that one does not feel surprised at the absolute wholesomeness of her mind. She herself sometimes regretted that she had read all too little, but her peculiar frankness in satisfying her childish tastes makes the list valuable to one who knows how astonishingly mature her mind was in many ways. Certainly she never read anything for effect, even to surprise her own literary family, for whose sake she would none the less have toiled through books unremittingly, had they suggested to her such dutiful tests of affection. Yet she was proud of her mother's graceful gift for composition and her learned father's dozen

or more books, especially the Greek grammars. She writes when fourteen, "Father got the first copies of his new book today, 'The Practical and Social Aspects of Christianity.' I read the preface and love it, but I rarely ever get much farther. I think I will read one of his books this summer."

Another record, intended only for her own eyes, and running through January, 1917, shows her ripening taste. The comments, limited to a line, are as varied as the books, frank and girlish. On some inferior books, popular at the time, the thrifty little critic does not waste a word of praise, but "Quentin Durward" is "wonderful," "The Last of the Mohicans," "thrilling," as is "Hereward the Wake;" while "Ivanhoe" is "really wonderful," "Huckleberry Finn," "killing," "As You Like It," "charming." "Othello" is labeled "Oh!!" which is worth pages of some Shakespearean criticism we have read. Evidently with a sigh she says of "Kenilworth": "But I can't help loving

CHARLOTTE

Dudley!" She does not record her more specialized reading, but she was an indefatigable investigator when a topic was assigned her. When another set of reference books came into the already well-stocked house she wrote as follows:

DARLING FATHER,

The International Encyclopedia has arrived! We unpacked it and set it up on the table in the dining-room and fastened it with book props. It is perfectly splendid, with the loveliest illustrations and most modern events and inventions imaginable; also, it matches the wall paper in the dining-room exactly and is lovely.

She once did a bit of research work for Professor Manly of the University of Chicago, which, however slight, any student of his would have envied. She found by the aid of the superintendent of Cave Hill Cemetery the grave of an almost forgotten Kentucky poetess, Amelia Welby, copied the inscription and sent it not to Professor Manly but to his father, Dr. Charles

CHARLOTTE

Manly, who at that time was with his son in Chicago, and had made for him this request of Charlotte. The matter came up very naturally in a letter. A half year before this Dr. Charles Manly had delivered the address on Founders' Day at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. His name and record were already familiar to Charlotte, linked by two generations to the Seminary and interested in the influential men of her denomination. But his coming into her home was a distinct event. He so captivated her that she promptly styled herself his granddaughter and began a correspondence equally delightful to the young girl and the ripe Christian scholar.

At this time Charlotte had been for eight years in the Kentucky Home School for Girls, on Fourth Avenue, and near her home. Her mother had graduated from the school, and Eleanor, a member of the semi-centennial class, of 1915, shared Charlotte's affection for it. The little girl had won the prize for general excellence several times before she was registered for Vassar,

CHARLOTTE

in 1914. When Miss Anderson, the principal of the upper school, told Charlotte's purpose, her companions felt the pleasure one has on waking to find a spring day as lovely as it promised. Of course Charlotte was going to college! Had she not been from her earliest days the joy of every teacher? One of her first teachers wrote years later from another school: "I wish I had one, just one mind nearly approaching Charlotte's quick perceptiveness and generous sympathy. She surprised me one day by saying, 'The sentences you choose for us to work with have so much more in them than the ones in the English book.' And another day when I put one on the board her look was one of almost painful disagreement at the thought expressed. She repeated the words and her face lit up with that flash of apprehension all her own. Apparently none of the others had given the real meaning of the sentence a thought." "The most brilliant child I ever taught," wrote another teacher, whose experience had included hundreds of boys

CHARLOTTE

and girls in public schools. The same expression came from still another, with more than a dozen years devoted to teaching. She added, "Her mind was quick, unerring, comprehensive, retentive—all at once."

A new teacher, who found Charlotte's generous nature a tower of strength, wrote: "How can I convey to you the delicate and subtle impression of Charlotte's personality? There was a sweet reasonableness, a wholesome saneness about Charlotte. These qualities were in her combined with an acumen that was unusual in so young a girl. She was quick to grasp an intellectual point, and equally quick to respond to any sympathetic viewpoint. She would have a sudden flash in her eyes, followed by a nod of agreement or understanding. Then—her laugh! Many voices we forget, I think, but Charlotte's laugh is as real to me as if she were by my side. It was rich, it was infectious, it was wholesome, it was sympathetic."

The child was never more fascinating

CHARLOTTE

than in the schoolroom. She tripped across the threshold with the joy Shakespeare in one passage associates with an escape from books. The curly hair tied securely back moved in rhythm with the light tread. Alertness appeared in every line of the slender body, the fine shoulders, the slim hands and feet. She waited to recite with eagerness, and yet with a restraint that showed her good breeding, and while she waited her large eyes glowed with interest and the happiest approval of her classmate's success and yet with no touch of condescension. She fairly warmed the classroom with her magnetic sympathy for both teacher and pupil. She understood both, sometimes interpreted one to the other as unconsciously as a sunbeam reveals an object in a dark corner. Sometimes penetrating beyond her years, then deliberately humorous, serious again in a flash, deliciously spontaneous, she was withal as modest as she was unfailingly accurate. A forgetful teacher has more than once looked hopefully in Charlotte's

CHARLOTTE

direction for confirmation of a previous lesson assignment. Charlotte always remembered! Her standard for herself was evidently perfection. Failure to meet this was to her inexcusable, but when a comrade missed the goal by a wide margin she was ready to excuse, not from a superior point of view but on a basis of common imperfection. Again, she shared every triumph with kindling generosity. When in her junior year she and a subfreshman received jointly the school prize, she took her much valued gift, a book, to Miss Anderson to have her name inscribed and added quickly, "Write that M—— and I tied for this prize." Despite the praise which her teachers could not always withhold, though they knew it was curiously repetitious, Charlotte would have scorned to excel in order to gratify her vanity. She ran ahead in every subject, particularly in language work, a field in which she seemed never to have a task quite equal to her powers. Avidity here had shown itself in her childhood. "Father thinks the

CHARLOTTE

accusative is the original case," she announced once, a slip of a child in a short gingham dress. The teacher smiled sympathetically, knowing Charlotte's devotion to cases was as genuine as her own, and led her back into the diagramming, which she carried on quietly and speedily to the close. Meanwhile her interest in composition was unflagging, though she herself was often dissatisfied with results. Here is a theme, written when she was fifteen, which is given from a first draft without the alteration even of a punctuation point:

WILLIAM

William, an old darkey, commonly called Uncle William has worked for us twenty years. As according to him he has also worked twenty years in a piano factory, twenty years on ship board, twenty years in a hotel and so on, I guess he is about a hundred years old. His face is very black and kindly, he is always chewing tobacco, and of course he never tips his hat. When I pass him in the yard he nods and says,

CHARLOTTE

“Howdy, young laady,” and walks on; or he says, “Look here, Miss Charlotte, I’ve got a crow to pick wid you. What you mean by leavin’ your music on dat dere piano all night?” But he has reached the age and distinction where that is what you expect. He is very strong against the sins of this world, shakes his head over me if I dance down the steps, and is sure that “acordin’ to de Scriptures” this war is the end of the world.

He used to do odd jobs for the people next door who had a great many very pretty flowers and when they moved away the lady bequeathed her flowers to William. It was the summer after I was sick, and we were away, but when I came home William had transplanted all of the flowers into our yard, fixed up the grass (since the boys were away and not playing baseball), and made the whole yard look so pretty it fairly took my breath away. He said that it was all mine, all done for me, and I never felt so unworthy in all my life. But he has not yet ceased to tell me that he

CHARLOTTE

never expected to see me come home alive from the Infirmary.

His wife is old, and her mind is gone and a few weeks ago she was taken out to Lakeland. Poor Uncle William cried silently nearly all that day, and made every body from Mother to the cook feel very bad. Every day or two he gets Mother to call up and see how his "ole woman" is and then he drags his feet slowly down stairs again when he has heard, and I look at him and think how old he is and how lonesome it will be without him.

When Charlotte received each quarter a starry report, her companions loved her too well to envy her. She was so far from being merely bookish, that they thought of her naturally as a leader in every activity. "Most lovable, unconscious of herself, always glad to serve others, helpful at all times, conscientious, faithful, loyal, honorable in the highest degree," to quote a principal of the school, she was the natural choice as class president for all the later

CHARLOTTE

years. When the school worked heroically for its annual bazaar, the proceeds of which go to support a clinic for blind mountain children, established by the school, Charlotte was boundless in her enthusiasm. At all times she gladly put every gift she had at the disposal of others, and responded whenever she was asked to take part in a musical program in chapel. She played with delicacy, accuracy, and appreciation. At every school entertainment she was the first to come, the last to go, always staying to help put things to rights. Perhaps she was loveliest at the out-of-door parties. At a May Day breakfast in Iroquois Park she was as merry as the cheewink singing love songs in the plum thickets. The hilltop recalls her on celebrations of Bryant's birthday, on November third, when the lingering beauty of dogwood, wahoo, bittersweet, beeches with silvery trunks and paling leaves, and harlequin sweet gum trees make one think of Madison Cawein as well as of the autumnal poet of New England. Not a

leaf, not an aster escaped Charlotte. She was becoming much interested in birds too, under the guidance of Nell E——, an ardent nature lover, with whom she had planned to room at Vassar, and seconded by the hearty enthusiasm of Meta, another well-beloved comrade. For these two she had once copied in a letter Joyce Kilmer's poem, "Trees," long before it became familiar to everyone.

Like all of her school group, she was fond of every sort of impersonation. Being very adaptable, imaginative, rather tall and slender, she generally played men's parts in school dramatics, accepting her rôles with high good humor. Once she was Godfrey Cass while Helen was a gentle Nancy. When the German class dramatized "Hänsel und Gretel," she made a stout-hearted brother. She appeared as one of the suitors in "Pride and Prejudice," and was a charming Hastings, booted, and ruffled, and powdered, in "She Stoops to Conquer." The following year when the school presented in Latin "The Conspiracy of Cati-



Facing page 60

CHARLOTTE

line," Charlotte's fluency and interpretative power gave her the title rôle, which she made a delightful memory to all who heard her. But even an impromptu part aroused her sparkling interest. She came to every costume party enthusiastic to her very shoe buckles. Old William would have shaken his head if he could have seen her accomplished feet in a minuet on Washington's Birthday. She was unforgettable when she came once to a book party, pale, bandaged, ghostly in a hospital jacket, to represent the most discussed book of the day, "Speaking of Operations."

The joyousness of every experience she increased by sharing it in family talks, in letters to friends, often relating it in themes for her English courses. With remarkable fullness and yet delicacy she reflected at school her general environment, though she became a bit less personal as she grew older. No one correlated her various interests more thoroughly than versatile Charlotte. The annual of her last

school year, 1916-17, shows in one selection that interest in church work and school duties which came more and more to mark her busy student days:

HOW TO TAKE A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CENSUS

A Sunday-school census is like a city census in that it asks the number and ages of the occupants of each house, but the rest is quite different. Do they attend Sunday-school? Are they members of some church? What is their church preference, or in plain English, denomination? All these facts must be written down and returned.

When your Sunday-school superintendent gives you a hundred yellow cards and asks you to canvass the block on Second and Third, from Ormsby to Hill, the first thing to do is to find another girl who is willing to go with you. She takes one house, and you take the next, and ringing the bell, you try to discover at a glance if the maid is intelligent or otherwise. If otherwise, you are sorry to find it necessary to trouble

CHARLOTTE

the family, but would Mrs. Jones mind telling you the names and ages of all her children? You are quite surprised when she draws herself up and says, "You have made some mistake. My name is *Miss* Jones." You must always keep your smile spontaneous, and it is not hard, for all these people are really interesting, and so you smile and thank Miss Jones for her kindness and you are sorry to have been forced to disturb her.

If you get a chance, you should make it quite clear that you are not employed by the city to ask personal questions, for if it is understood that you are an innocent and an unsalaried person, information is more easily secured. Sometimes you have rung and rung to no avail, when at last you spy some children playing in the next yard, and inquire,

"Does one of you live here?"

"Yes'm, I do," pipes one youngster.

"Well, have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Oh, yes."

CHARLOTTE

"Could you tell me their names?"

"Well, there's Rose, and Jim, and Lucy, and me."

"How old is Rose?"

"Oh, she's married."

"I see—but how old is Jim?"

"I don't know. He's not here. He's at college."

"Is Lucy older than you?"

"Yes'm, she's ten."

"How old are you, dear?"

"Me? I'm seven."

And so you struggle on while all the children stand around and stare, and all you find out is that "Mama's a Methodist, and Dad's not anything, and me and Lucy go to the Baptist Sunday-school, 'cause that's where my aunt goes."

Sometimes the maid is quite confiding and tells you that so far as she knows neither the Missus nor her husband has been to church for three years. When that is the case, don't let Katie rattle on too long, or she will tell all the family secrets. Be ever polite, always obliging, even to the

CHARLOTTE

extent of yelling all questions to the second story window, when the kimonoed figure therein is too lazy to descend, and remember that you are deeply grateful for all fragments of information the butler deigns to drop you. And after you have taken this census you can never forget that in this house lives a Presbyterian lady with a meek maid, and in that boarding house there is every variety from Catholics to Mormons.

IV

IF the "heard melodies" of Charlotte's religious life were sweet, the unheard were "sweeter far." Her feeling was so deep that one guessed its intimacy rather by the joy she put into religion actively than what she told of her inner experience. But after the weeks at Northfield, shortly before she was sixteen, a new freedom, a tenderness appeared in letters, especially to friends with whom she had shared her happiness there.

Like many pleasant ventures, the trip was decided upon very unexpectedly. Dr. Robertson was to lecture again at Northfield. It occurred to him and to Mrs. Robertson that nothing could be pleasanter for him than the companionship of the child whose illness four years before had darkened for him even the days at Northfield, a place he liked to call a foretaste of

CHARLOTTE

Heaven. There was no hesitation on Charlotte's part. Summers had always been happy, whether spent in the Blue Grass, dear to this ardent Kentuckian, or in Iredell County, North Carolina, among the Robertson clan, or somewhere in the Blue Ridge Mountains. But Northfield—and Father! The journey in anticipation and reality was a delight to her eager mind. She saw Niagara, and spent a day in Boston which she must describe as soon as possible to “darling Mother.” The Copley-Plaza was “wonderful” and so was everything else in Boston or Cambridge. She felt “so awed” when she was “really in Harvard.” Personal contact with the university faculty came in a dinner with Professor Lyon and his wife at the College Club on Commonwealth Avenue. Professor Lyon wrote later: “We have rarely met another person who was at her age so mature in thought, so attractive, so full of hope and promise. Her presence was a joy and a benediction.” Charlotte, who was enthusiastic in her appreciation of both host

CHARLOTTE

and hostess, wrote to her mother that she had never enjoyed a meal more.

The first Northfield letter to Eleanor begins: "Oh, my dear, you can't imagine how perfectly lovely and wonderful Northfield is. It's in a kind of valley surrounded on all sides by the foothills of the Green and White Mountains, and with the Connecticut River flowing a little way from here. It's really beautiful, but the *people* are so nice and I have such a whirly kind of time that I have to take time off now and then and stroll around and just look. . . . I'm keeping my memory book and I put just loads of things about the trip in it and I'm going to put many more. . . . Every day we alternate sets of tennis with lectures and song services." Then at the close she adds: "Everyone knows we are from the South, and a lady asked me in a shocked kind of voice if my ancestors were slave holders. I told her yes, and the shock entered her face as well as her voice. I love New England," etc.

To Cary she writes: "Mr. Alexander has

CHARLOTTE

given me the most beautiful little pocket Testament you ever saw, and Mr. Rock took it around and got all his bunch to sign their names in it with a Bible reference. It'll be so nice to have those names in the 'ages to come,' n'est-ce pas? I'm crazy to show it to you all and tell you all about it."

Meanwhile a Northfield acquaintance was writing of her:

*"Then the little Southern Charlotte
Learned of everyone their language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Where they lived and worked in winter,
How they lived nad played in summer,
Talked with them where'er she met
them,
Called them Charlotte's Northfield
friends."*

Later she added this description: "The memory of her sweet helpful presence—just knowing her made me better—and her influence for right, unconscious though it often was, will long be an inspiration to

CHARLOTTE

many of us who were privileged to know her and love her at Northfield." Still another Northfield friend said of her: "Her charming, sincere Christian girlhood won the hearts of most casual acquaintances. I found it so easy to love her with a love which God gives his servants for one of his redeemed children."

In a letter to Mrs. Robertson appears an intimate view of Charlotte from a girl about her own age: "Perhaps you know how our friendship began. We slipped out of the Auditorium at Northfield together and on the steps of the gallery in Sage Chapel opened up our hearts to each other and talked with God about the various problems which awaited us. I did not realize it then, but I just vaguely felt that I was before a rare sweetness and a rarer faith as Charlotte prayed. I have the same consciousness when I go entirely alone into an empty church, that of hidden and seldom revealed power and strength, which was in Charlotte's simple words that morning in 1916. My own problem in a very

CHARLOTTE

peculiar way was solved, as I learned shortly after our little meeting. We agreed each day to pray for each other. It's a great comfort to me and inspiration when I think of that pure loving heart which was always in his keeping even as now.

. . . Charlotte's soul had to an unusual extent that quiet loveliness which just as in nature can be so easily passed over except as it shows itself in deeds. I believe one of the reasons I shall always find a rest in the dear, dear memory of the Charlotte I knew will be that never did she seem to be so taken up by school or friends or any of the great whirl of 'things,' just merely *things*, which catches up so many of us schoolgirls. Truly, in quietness and absolute confidence was her strength. I should like to have the confidence she had.

. . . I have prayed that God would make my life a more useful and a better one because of the advantage he gave me in knowing intimately his servant. How he must have loved to dwell in her temple! Surely he must have rested there."

CHARLOTTE

The fullest account of Charlotte's Northfield days comes from Mr. William N. Rock, "the *very nice* Australian" Charlotte mentioned in one of her first letters from the conference:

"Charlotte was one of those never-to-be-forgotten friends. Northfield of 1916 is interwoven with memories of her. I remember well the day she danced over the horizon and into my little circle of acquaintances and friends. It was in a large room with people standing in groups, discussing meetings, laughing and chatting. And then, all the light, color, and energy of that room seemed to have centered for the moment in a slender figure of a girl to whom I was presented and formally introduced.

"There was not much formality of 'getting acquainted' with Charlotte. Her natural frankness broke down all artificial barriers. And so it was a laugh, a joke, a challenge to a game of tennis, and in less than three minutes Charlotte and I were friends. . . . Charlotte came from the

CHARLOTTE

South and had more than a touch of Southern qualities. The natural courtesy, the kindly humor, the open-handed generosity of the Southerner were hers; but more than this, she carried about with her the sunshine of the South. She was herself a bit of embodied sunshine.

“ Pictures of her as she entered into the life at Northfield move often across my mental screen. One is that of a flying figure dashing across the tennis court in pursuit of a difficult ball. She played an excellent game for a girl of her years, and because of her keen enthusiasm, her grit and quickness, she made a splendid partner. Another picture is that in which she stands in the midst of a group of children whom she had evidently captivated. Still another shows her with a walking party, keenest enthusiast on the walk, never self-assertive, always the life of the party. One picture of which I am very fond is that in which she stands in the choir at the Auditorium, her face alight with a rare beauty, her eyes eloquent of the deeper things.

CHARLOTTE

“Those were busy days filled from early morning to night, with meetings, outings, tennis matches, and walks. But no one got more out of them than Charlotte. She had the happy faculty of extracting the best out of every golden hour. Her vitality was remarkable, and her interest never seemed to tire. Each morning at nine we walked across the campus to the Sage Chapel to attend the meeting conducted by her father. Here she was busy with notebook and pencil, and I rather think this was for her the best meeting of the day. I remember how her face lit up when we spoke with appreciation of her father’s addresses. Her pride in him was a fine thing.

“During that brief visit to Northfield she made many friends. Her thoughtfulness for others, her genuine interest in everyone she met, her genius for doing little acts of kindness, won the hearts of all who knew her. . . . Charlotte brought something into every friendship she made—an indefinable, attractive something that lifted you on to a higher level and awakened

CHARLOTTE

in you the best impulses. As our friendship grew I saw that beneath it all, deeper than the sunshine, and the laughter and joy that radiated from her, were elements of real power and beauty of character that were based on her love for Jesus Christ. It was very evident that thus early her life was given over to him. There was nothing professional about her religion. With her religion was woven into the texture of body, brain, and heart. It was as natural for her to talk about it, or to sing about it as it was to breathe. It is not surprising, therefore, that in her company you were constantly reminded of the Master. In an unusual degree the Lord Jesus Christ was mirrored in the radiant young life."

V

MORE than one "Story of a Short Life" was familiar to Charlotte. She read and re-read in particular "One Girl's Influence," telling of Louise Andrews' ardent young spirit, which left its impress at Northfield. Short lives despite their differences are yet pathetically alike in the haunting question as to why the end came so soon. Sometimes a fragment of poetry, better than any prose account, real or fictitious, interprets or crystallizes the evanescent beauty of a life so mysteriously complete. Milton's "soft silken primrose fading timelessly" describes still the loveliness not only of a "fair infant" but a seventeen-year-old Charlotte. Her airy tread suggests the epigram Martial wrote of a little girl nearly two thousand years ago: "Earth be thou light to her, for she was ever light to thee." But "The Noble Nature" of Ben Jonson



Facing page 76

CHARLOTTE

hints not only at the beauty but the strange capacity of the short life:

*It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three-hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.*

When Charlotte came back from Northfield a full year of activity lay ahead. Perhaps she was never so busy, as this letter to Dr. Manly proves:

February 28th, 1917.

DEAREST GRANDFATHER:

I don't see any of Mother's paper and so am using this. It seems queer to see Chair of New Testament above my letter. I was so glad to hear that you are better

and preached not long ago. I've been thinking about you a great deal and meaning to write, and so today when the snow was melting and I can't get out for fear of exposing a cold which is improving, I decided to do it.

Yesterday afternoon I went to a class of Emergency Nursing which meets once a week and where we are studying the main things in first aid. It happened that the young lady who teaches knew me and so she experiments on me, or rather illustrates. A week ago we were studying shock and she was showing how to wrap the blanket around the patient when she has "come to." I was lying like a mummy on the cot, with an extremely hot water bottle under my shoulder, and some more cover on top of me, when Miss Bruce got interested in something else and left me there to melt! But yesterday we just studied bandaging, and she wrapped me around from my little finger to my head and showed us all kind of bandages, spiral, the figure eight, etc. Then we all turned in and

practiced on each other, and it's curious how hard it was to do the things that seemed so easy to her. But when the class is over, I hope we will know enough to use it in the many things that come up.

This Friday the Sunbeams will meet, and I have been planning the program today. The Sunbeams are the children from 6 to 12 at church, and it's a missionary society which tries to train them for the other things they will join later on. Another girl and I have charge of it this winter and it is ever so much fun. The children are as interesting as can be and I can hardly realize that I am a leader when it seems only the other day that I was a Sunbeam myself. I think we'll have a meeting on South America this time, and fix the chairs like a day coach and then travel through Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine, and Chile, which I believe are the places where we have missions. Then one of the boys can be a conductor and announce the stops—which will be by countries, not cities—and I think maybe I'll let one boy go up and

down the aisle with cakes which I presume everyone will "buy," since they'll be free. Then at the stops I'll tell some story about that country. You see, I have only the older ones, as we found it too hard to hold the attention of about 45 children of such different ages. So Elizabeth has the younger, and we get along much better.

But about the hardest and sweetest thing I am doing this winter is teaching a class of first year Juniors, ten darling little boys and girls who ask you all kinds of questions and just *will not* sit still unless they are interested. It sends me home to look things up and work things out for myself, and it surely makes me feel "young and foolish."

My family has grown up somewhat since you were here. Nell is at college, and is a young lady sure enough, Cary is as tall as I am and a Corporal in the Military Training at High School. He's immensely proud of his two bars. Then Archie is growing very fast and thinking very hard

CHARLOTTE

and trying to manage his feet. They are getting too big for him. He joined the church this winter and the only time I have ever seen Father perform the ordinance of baptism was when he baptized Archie, Jr.

With a great deal of love for you and Mrs. Manly,

CHARLOTTE.

All the happenings of the year Eleanor, now a sophomore at Westhampton, must know through long vivacious letters. Football games were described vividly. School events were as varied as usual. The Sunday-school class became very dear, and the young teacher got a real hold on the lives of the children. Many were the walks and visits with the Junior Superintendent, Miss Dunford, who was to be married the next summer, and had asked Charlotte to be her bridesmaid. This lent a thrill of romance to the whole winter. One aspect of that last year Charlotte perhaps never realized, even a greater closeness between herself and the principals, Miss Anderson

CHARLOTTE

and Miss Waters, who had long loved her, and the other teachers, into whose point of view she came to have even a greater insight than before, though in a singular way grown-ups had always looked to Charlotte for understanding and sympathy. Along with her unfailing interest in her Cicero, English, French, and the like, she still kept up her music lessons and played the marches and the hymns at morning chapel. One of her happiest experiences on Saturday, her holiday morning, was to walk down Third Avenue and Broadway with her father to his New Testament class and join the group of mature men and earnest young women enrolled in the course. Among them all I am sure no mind was keener than the sixteen-year-old girl's. Interest in her private Bible reading was also increasing. The next summer she wrote of her eagerness to hear her father's lecture on Galatians to supplement her own study. This maturing taste never lessened her girlishness, nor shut her away from companions of different temperaments, for it was said of

her about this time: "When Charlotte Robertson comes along you feel as if a band of music were coming down the street. She brings sunshine and music with her." In her secret heart meanwhile she thought often again of China, but never became a professed student volunteer. She would have given the heartiest approval to anyone who wished to make such a declaration, but, as she explained in a letter to Eleanor, it was for her a bit "show-off-y" just at that time. She discussed the matter oftenest with her mother, who understood perfectly Charlotte's new comprehension of just what life on a foreign field might mean to a girl with every normal impulse now richly developed. Idealistic as she was, she had a clarity of vision which would never have led her with eyes shut into any decision. She had ability to estimate difficulties, and not to minimize them, but always to conquer them bravely and triumph speedily. She had the power also to forget her trials, chiefly because she was too large-minded for self-pity.

CHARLOTTE

The summer of 1917 proved again her adaptability. Several happy weeks she spent in Tennessee among some new-found cousins of whom she wrote enthusiastically to her family. She played with a relish the rôle of "visiting girl," a distinct type in the Southern town and smaller city, upon which the community lavishes especially unbounded hospitality and summons all available young men to enjoy with it. Charlotte was at home with them as she was with "students" who were so abundant in the Seminary world in Louisville that they never needed the qualifying "theological." She had a strong attraction for every age, and won the affection of both the sober and the light-hearted. She always appealed to children—both white and black. She sometimes told stories to the latter, for she writes in August: "Nell and I told stories for the last time at a negro settlement. From 75 to 100 little darkies have been coming there for some weeks to A Daily Vacation Bible School. . . . We told the story several times and took turns

CHARLOTTE

on them. Last time I put Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego into the fiery furnace."

During the summer the family physician and her parents had discovered unmistakable symptoms of an affection of the thyroid gland. They decided that school must be postponed for a few weeks, even though she was entering upon the last year before the long anticipated college course. Her condition seemed not alarming. Sometimes there were moments of depression that explained now the days in the spring when she had been less abundantly cheerful than usual. "Am I very cross, Mother?" she had asked after a sudden burst of tears. "No, darling, just a bit unnatural," was the reply. "Thank you for that word!" she flashed back with a smile. Then she added, "Oh, if I must cry, haven't I the dearest family in the world to cry into!" But the letters of the summer and autumn are free from depression. On August ninth she wrote to Helen: "I am under Dr. Leavell's care to get rid of a lump in my

CHARLOTTE

throat which made me rather fidgety this spring and I feel fine. Don't worry; soon I will be all right." Three weeks later when she had gone a trifle too early to a Sunday-School Older Boys and Girls Conference, she began a letter to Helen in which she speaks of returning to school in a few weeks. Early in October she wrote to a friend: "For a week before September thirtieth," which was her seventeenth birthday, "I was laid up or down in bed. The breeze or the sun or the food caused it, and everyone was so good and the doctor so ridiculous and the bed so soft I rather enjoyed it. *But* I took nine kinds of medicine and lost a few pounds, all of which is very trivial and I am quite robust."

This letter was headed Anchorage, a suburb of Louisville famous for its maples and its restful atmosphere. Mrs. Robertson and Charlotte spent a few weeks there, at Gray Towers, to lessen the nervousness incident to Charlotte's condition. The little patient herself hoped the rest would be "fine for you, Mother!" She responded

with touching docility to every suggestion cautious mother-love made as to her daily regimen, but she was alert enough to enjoy her companions at Gray Towers, among whom, as she wrote some one, was the author of "Emmy Lou." To Helen, a lover of children, she described several new friends: "My pet particular friend is Bert G——, age three, health perfect, disposition amiable, mentality excellent and grin wide and winning. The brown hammock is our boat, a croquet mallet my oar, the surrounding grass my water and our destination all over the world. He has two sisters, one very bright, and the other very darling, etc." Love of children and nature too appears in a letter of this time to Mr. Rock: "We are out here under a great oak tree, with acorns and the breeze tickling your ears. It's good to get away from the smoke of town for a week or two to the crickets and the trees. There is a tall drooping fir to my right that looks like a prim old maid. Some of the trees have splashes of scarlet on the tips of their branches, making them look like a

child with rosy chin and paint on her fingers."

Of her "happy-go-lucky" correspondence Mr. Rock later wrote: "Charlotte lived in her letters. She danced in them; she sang in them; her soft laughter rippled across their pages like the little waves on a stream. We used to exchange our 'good times,' the jokes that hit us hardest, our views of life, the poetry that appealed to us. Her taste and enjoyment in the latter were quite remarkable for a girl in the midst of her teens. Her heart was full of poetry and this is often reflected in her own writing. Her love for nature was very rich and deep. God was never far away from her, but she always felt his presence in a peculiarly intimate way when out in the woods. The good things of God gave her special pleasure, his birds, his trees, his flowers—small wonder that his flowers appealed, for she herself was one of them."

By the middle of October she was at home again, still walking once or twice with her father on the familiar route to the Sem-

inary, spending some hours with her mother among the golden tulip trees in Central Park, planning still for her Sunday-school boys, to each of whom she had given a Testament with the pleasure she still felt in hers from Northfield. She had enjoyed, too, helping Mrs. Robertson map out for the Louisville Young Woman's Christian Association a course of lectures on Prayers of The Old Testament. When she was obliged to go to bed, her illness became more alarming. But the old self-forgetfulness lived even until the last days. While the physicians were having a consultation in a room adjoining hers, Charlotte was bidding her mother search among her flowers for "posies," as she said, for them, and chose with her fluttering fingers two tiny yellow chrysanthemums. The next afternoon her heart began to fail alarmingly and all Tuesday night she was barely alive. Once she murmured, "O Love that wilt not let me go—O Joy—O Light," as if groping for the words. Her mother leaning close gave her clearly the first two lines

and her face relaxed with a look of peace at the words, "I rest my weary soul on Thee." The next morning she opened her eyes to see beside her Miss Hatfield, who had been spared a little while from her work as anæsthetist to be again with the child she had helped nurse back to health five years before. "It's a good thing you've come," Charlotte murmured with a smile.

On Saturday, November third, the new life began.

Two days later her pastor, Dr. W. M. Seay, conducted the funeral at the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church. The people who crowded the church at the simple exercises were not just friends of the family, but persons in every walk in life, drawn by an individual sense of love and loss. Dr. Seay had been asked to think especially of the many young people who would be there, and to present Christ and the Christian hope. The mother of one of the younger school children said afterwards: "I did not take K—— with me, for fear she would get some morbid idea of

CHARLOTTE

death. But when I was there, I felt I had caused the child an irreparable loss. Not only the flowers and the tender throng, but the quiet peace and beauty and the sense of what a young life could mean, made an effect that I can never put into words for her! ”

The rare loveliness of that autumn afternoon in Cave Hill Cemetery continued the sense of the deathlessness of beauty, and the moon shone full on the unchilled flowers beneath which Charlotte lay. Her grave is near that of her grandmother whose life she had brightened and of the distinguished grandfather whom she was now to know for the first time.

On the stone at her grave are the words,
“ They looked unto Him, and were radiant.”

Only when the bright bodily presence was withdrawn did her dear ones fully realize all that Charlotte had meant to her friends. Tender verses told of her radiant nature. Letters from far away brought back sunny glimpses of the child,

as for example that of Dr. Angus of Sydney, Australia. He recalled how winsomely she recited the French verses he quoted to her, and how he had taught her to love the hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go." Northfield friends surprised her parents by their intimate recollections. Now and then the mail brought praise of her from someone whom the family hardly knew, along with letters from companions, teachers, friends. Little by little an understanding came of what her friends had dreamed of her future. One in particular, who had known her from her baptismal hour and had delighted in her mind at school, had believed that if Charlotte remained in America, her marvelous intellect, her courage, her scorn of the ignoble, her executive gift, and her rare spirituality would make her to another generation what Alice Freeman Palmer was to women of her own. Like all who loved Charlotte and have sought the meaning of her life, she has found solace in the belief in her ever increasing activity, in the consciousness of

her clearer presence, as if a light on a shadowy horizon were now burning more brightly.

Another of Charlotte's teachers, Madame de Prévost, who was critically ill soon after Charlotte's going away, surprised a friend by saying in her sick room, "Send these roses to the orphans, Charlotte's orphans," afterward telling explicitly how Charlotte had been with her and asked her to do this. To many another friend, promptings of unselfishness and courage have come like a direct impulse from that sunny spirit.

Her classmates, who had once more elected her as their leader, put no one in her place, but went through that last year with an acting president. Under her picture in the year-book they quoted the lines from Kipling:

*"E'en as she trod that day to God, so
walked she from her birth,
In simpleness and gentleness, in honor
and clean mirth."*

CHARLOTTE

Her class ring, which she had helped to choose but never wore, bears the motto *En Avant* taken from a French story her class read as little girls. In harmony with this three memorials have sprung up, which would have pleased Charlotte. In the Woman's Missionary Training School in Louisville, dear to her heart (Mrs. McClure and Mrs. Eager, its guiding spirits, being her friends from earliest days), a scholarship will run during the four years that Charlotte herself would have been in college. In her own Kentucky Home School a substantial gift has been made by one of her classmates to the College Scholarship Endowment Fund in memory of Charlotte. And in her church a Building Loan Fund has been established, which has already helped one needy little church. This was intended as an offering from the young women's and children's societies, but after the first gift from a tiny boy a second came from the senior deacon, and other friends of various ages asked to be included in the memorial.

CHARLOTTE

And if the short life on earth is thus being prolonged, what must be the growth of her soul in its new environment? Her delight in its midst, as I fancy it, I find best expressed in some lines of Emily Dickinson's, which a friend sent to her parents, to interpret his own feelings as to Charlotte's joy:

*Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea,—
Past the houses, past the headlands,
Into deep eternity!*

*Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?*

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